

The Sydney Morning Herald

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1893.

THREE PENCE.

On the 14th December, at 10 o'clock, a young girl, named Mary, aged 10 years, was found dead in the street near the corner of the Market and George streets, Sydney. The girl was found by a man named John Smith, who was walking past at the time. The girl was lying on her back, with her head resting on the pavement. She was wearing a blue dress and a white apron. The police were notified and an investigation was commenced. It was found that the girl was the daughter of a man named John Smith, who was living at 10, George street. The girl had been found by a man named John Smith, who was walking past at the time. The girl was lying on her back, with her head resting on the pavement. She was wearing a blue dress and a white apron. The police were notified and an investigation was commenced. It was found that the girl was the daughter of a man named John Smith, who was living at 10, George street.

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But all the various regions that compose the British empire, none, perhaps, engage the interest of the imperial race at home less than their colonies in the West Indies. We feel little or no shame in confessing that our notions respecting the relative situation of Jamaica and Barbadoes are of the haziest kind. Indeed, it is not many years since even a Secretary of State spoke of Demerara as an island; and the same delusion is often betrayed in perfect innocence by persons of more than ordinary information. The truth is, that we were very proud of our position in that quarter of the globe. The history of our dominion there has had but few passages on which the pride of patriotism can dwell with unalloyed complacency. The exploits by which these territories were added to our empire, have furnished bright pages to our military and naval annals; and the Emancipation Act stands for all time a noble monument of national morality, but our pride in it is chequered with misgivings, and a wistful regret for the wealth and prosperity on the ruins of which it was reared. Associations of poverty and decay cling closely to the West Indies. They are as though the glory of which has departed; but to turn that comes of altering duties on sugar is prosaic and unpicturesque form of ruin. So we turn our eyes in another direction, and the less to think of our countrymen in the broken-down sugar colonies, we compassionate them. We pity them that their lot has been cast in places where the beauty of scenery and the fertility of the soil are but poor compensation for all the perils that harass life—where, in the twinkling of an eye, a whole town is shot into harbour by an earthquake, and ships heave-forth sail over the church-steeple, till their turn comes of being whirled into space by a hurricane—where pestilence walks abroad night and day, and the same sun that awakens a household in the enjoyment of as much health as is compatible with such conditions of existence, at its setting leaves them all cold in their graves. No are we disposed to be harsh in our judgment, if unhappy exiles, whose lives hang by a thread, seek to forget, in loud and bitter complaints of their wrongs, and when we are reminded of brandy-and-water the inevitable fate of those who have survived all other chances shall be removed by the yellow fever to some land where they are, at least, believed to hope that "niggers," good or bad do not go.

From time to time, however, it happens that a mission, religious or secular, condemns a stranger fresh from home to temporary banishment in these dismal regions, where all save the spirit of man is inhospitable. He lives to tell the tale of what he has seen and heard; and, encouraged by the congratulations of his friends at his unexpected return, gives to the world the experiences of six months or a year in the West Indies. Mr. Trollope's amusing book, "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," is probably far from the only one which has pleased our readers. Much of the ground which he has trod he went has recently been trod by another and very different traveller—Mr. Underhill, an agent of the Baptist Missionary Society,—who has published his own account of the same group of colonies. The two accounts, taken together, give a tolerably complete picture of life in the West Indies. What was omitted by Mr. Trollope has been in the main supplied by Mr. Underhill; but the style of the one work is pretty much all that the other was not. Mr. Trollope's book was humorous and lively. Mr. Underhill's book, though it has many solid merits, is neither humorous nor lively. In respect of the circumstances of their missions, their habits of thought, their points of view, and we might add, their religious opinions, the two writers seem to be as wide asunder as the poles. Mr. Trollope travelled on galleys, was the guest and friend of the white officials and planters, saw things very much from their point of view, and (as he candidly owned) takes a Baptist like poison. Whereas Mr. Underhill had throughout his travels a "constant associate" in the person of "my dear Mrs. Underhill," lived and moved chiefly among the Dissenting pastors and their black and coloured flocks, collected their opinions, and, finally, is a Baptist missionary.

Mr. Underhill's tour was undertaken at the request of the treasurer and committee of the Baptist Missionary Society. Its object was primarily to investigate the religious condition of the West Indian Baptist churches, which have been formed in the islands of the West, especially as that condition has been affected by the Act of Emancipation." And he adds that he cannot doubt that the evidence here collected will satisfy both the friends of Christian missions and the philanthropist, that their efforts have not been made in vain; that the creoles of the West are not deserving of the reproaches which have been of late so freely cast upon their characters, as wanting in industry and intelligence." It would be too much to expect that this gentleman's estimate of men and things should take no tinge from the peculiar tenets and discipline of the sect to which he belongs; but, to do him justice, there is conclusive evidence of avowed to be fair, of readiness to listen to both sides of a vexed question, and of a genuine desire to discover what real progress moral and intellectual, has been made by the negroes under their emancipation. He alludes more than once to a very prevalent conviction among the planters, that Baptist ministers have often been the cause of discontent and dissension among the labouring classes in the West Indies. The feud between the planters and Dissenting ministers is one of long standing. To the latter belongs the honour of having striven to Christianise the slaves at a time when the Church of England, listless and supine, made no effort to raise them from the depths of degradation in which it sited the policy and the passions of the masters to keep them; but the missionary zeal of Dissenters awoke the suspicions and the hatred of the planters, who saw in their labours the "thin end of a wedge" that would broaden into emancipation. And for a while the cause of the Dissenters wore the dignity and the glory which persecution alone can give.

With the emancipation, if not the express approval of magistrates, who were also planters, their chapels were ordered to the ground, their ministers ill-treated and driven away, the slaves among them cruelly punished, and their congregations compelled to meet for prayer by night in dead ravines and secret places. From such an honourable source may flow the high orders; but, unless the Baptist ministers and their brethren of the London Missionary Society are very much belied, the same dependence on the voluntary contributions of their followers, which Mr. Underhill vaunts as the best incentive and the sweet pledge of zeal, has too often led them to pander to all that is vain, jealous, and restless in the nature of their black sheep. It has too often made of them journalists and political intriguers, who have not scrupled, for private ends, to set rap-

against race and this is what the planters mean when they use strong language about the Baptists.

Jamaica, of all the islands in the globe, with the single exception, perhaps, of Java, has the richest gifts of nature; and, of all without exception, it now exhibits the saddest spectacle of ruin and departed splendour. Half the sugar estates, and more than half the coffee plantations in the island, it is said, are abandoned and "ruinate." But such as the colony now is, it is, on the whole, the best field for noting the moral condition and tendencies of the emancipated slave; and the events that are passing on the other side of the Atlantic make the moment opportune for taking stock of our own "chateaux."

Behind the golden hopes of conquest and a restored Union, the prevailing sentiment is a gloomy black vision of the Negroes. We paid twenty millions sterling to emancipate half a million of slaves; and that, perhaps, is the least part of what they have cost us. But the Federal Government stands pledged, if successful in the present war, somehow to emancipate more than four million slaves. And what then? Rather than endure their hated presence within the pale of the Union, the costliest schemes of expulsion and colonisation are regarded with favour in the Free States. The intense antipathy to colour in those States is matter of universal notoriety. Here in England, where we pass a few negroes in the street, or are occasionally told to admire a black lion at a *conversation*, we denounce this antipathy with all our eloquence as irrational, illiberal, and unchristian. So it is, no doubt; but, unhappily, wherever the white races have the side by side with the black and coloured, this feeling has always shown itself; nor are there any symptoms of its decline in the communities where it exists. And it is uniformly most intense where the black and coloured are seen in a state of freedom; and this may be owing to the fact that "your Sybarite negro," as Mr. Trollope remarked, "when closely looked at, is not a pleasing object. Distance may doubtless lend enchantment to the view." Seen, indeed, through this rose medium, he is still the darling of the Anti-Slavery Society. It is in his behalf that they have persistently opposed every effort of the planter to supply the crying want of labour by emigration from India and China. Most manfully has the society fought what is now, we trust, the finally vanquished cause of protection to native soil and idleness.

Knowing for whose especial information Mr. Underhill's tour was undertaken, we were quite prepared to find in his notes of travel a rich collection of conversions and other spiritual experiences which Christian negroes have been ready to pour into sympathetic ears. Their growth at the foot of the fallen state in which they once lay, the ejaculations of comfort which they reiterate, condition draws from them, and their Jeremiahs over "backsliders," are faithfully recorded as evidence of the awakening of a true spiritual life among them. We sincerely hope that these edifying utterances are all that Mr. Underhill takes them to be; but unluckily we know that the negroes are adepts in learning the use of scripture language without being penetrated with its spirit in practice. It is their evil habit to be always handling sacred things without understanding freedom. One of Mr. Underhill's flock in the Bahamas said, "I have been thinking that he meant when he exclaimed, "'Our only comfort, sing and pray.'" And with this frame of mind some of their favourite "anthems" exactly chimes in:—

"I'll kneel down here, and I'll kneel down there,
And I'll kneel down a little 'most every where."

But it is not in secret and behind a closed door that they care to kneel. A Tartuffe is not a very rare phenomenon in any Christian land; but the white Tartuffe knows that it is vain to attempt the part without throwing a veil over all that is not moral and sanctimonious. The black Tartuffe, to judge from his acts, sees no necessity for anything of the kind. To know no studies but the Bible and the hymn-book—to quote texts on all conceivable occasions—to be unfaithful in attendance at church; when preaching, to repeat the responses loudly and sing with fervent energy—to lose no opportunity of taking the sacrament, and make the blandest professions to the clergyman, and receiving the bread and wine, at the same time to be living in open adultery with three or four women, seems to him to be the most natural thing in the world. With all this, their fear of death is extreme; and suicide is not recognised by them, as by Coolies and Chinese, to be the simplest method of spiting a neighbour, or recording a moral protest against him. The King of Terrors has, however, his fascinations; for, to get drunk at a wake, and then attend the funeral in a decorous suit of black cloth and a white neckcloth, with a countenance of unfathomable woe, is to negroes the most perfect union of sublimity and delight. They are too "Juristics" in the extreme: the dread of "Juries," or ghosts, and the belief in incantations, widely spread and deeply rooted among them; and they are, as Mr. Underhill tells us, "superstitious," relapsing into Obeahism. At the best it is, we fear, but a thin partition which separates their "chateaux" from the wild and hideous vagaries of Obeahism.

There is not space to give the social and economical statistics which Mr. Underhill has collected with reference to the hotly contested question of the negro's industry. Jamaica, even more than the other colonies, rings with the mutual recriminations of planters and labourers. It is matter of history that many planters in Jamaica, as stupid as they were cruel, drove the negroes on their emancipation from the provision grounds which they had occupied as slaves, thinking thereby to ensure their labour; while the impoverished state of the island and the prevalence of absenteeism make it probable that the negro's complaints of the uncertainty of the soil on the sugar estates, and of irregularity in the payment of wages, have often been too well founded. If proof were needed that the negro is not different from the mortals of other races, who prefer work to starvation, that proof is supplied by the occupation of every inch of ground for the alternative upon him, and he goes to his work with the regularity of an English labourer. But Barbadoes alone of the West Indian colonies is thickly populated. In Trinidad, Jamaica, and Guianas, tracts of land, mountain pastures, savannas, or "bush," extend for miles and miles unoccupied and unowned; and it is the growing habit of the negroes to retire to these waste but fertile districts and become squatters. Sufficient space for a provision ground is soon cleared and planted with the edible products which Nature scatters with a lavish hand on the tropics; and such is the richness of the soil that more than enough for subsistence is readily yielded to the smallest amount of labour. But the attractions of living in independence, and the utility with which this independence is secured, are fraught with danger to the future of the colony.

succed generation, and no habit of industry is acquired, and, what is even worse, the gradual migration removes the negro to places where civilisation with difficulty follows him. He wanders beyond the reach of education and religion. He loses all taste for the comforts and luxuries of civilised life, and his mind, like the abandoned estates on which he squats, "goes back into bush." He relapses into barbarism, and the little ground estate has been hardly won as lost for ever. And to more than mental and moral improvement this acquisition is injurious; for there must be something in it which saps the springs of life itself, and checks the tide of increase. There is reason to believe that these quarters rapidly decline in numbers; and it is probable that the paramount cause of their diminution is the frightful waste of infant life. There is no darker trait in the character of the negroes than the habitual neglect and ill-usage of their children. It is often in vain that the local governments establish dispensaries in their settlements, and bring medicines to their very doors—even then an infant is suffered to die rather than pay the smallest sum to save it.

We are, indeed, slow to believe that much progress, either social, economical, or moral, has been made by the negro since his emancipation; it is only fair, therefore, to let those who heard who take a more cheering and hopeful view of things tell us, and we make an extract from Mr. Underhill's concluding chapter on the "Queen of the Antilles," "Emancipation," he says, "has brought an amount of happiness, of improvement, of material wealth, and prospective elevation to the enfranchised slave, in which every lover of man must rejoice." And he goes on to say:—"Social order everywhere prevails. Breaches of the peace are rare. Crimes, especially in their darker and more sanguinary forms, are few. Persons and property are perfectly safe. The planter sleeps in security, dreads no insurrection, fears not the torch of the incendiary, travels day or night in the loneliest solitudes without anxiety or care. The people are not drunkards, even if they be impure; and this sad feature in the moral life of the people is meeting its check in the growing respect for the marriage tie, and the improved life of the white community in their midst." To this we will add a conclusion, extracted, quoted by Mr. Underhill, from "records despatched to the present Governor of Jamaica, Captain Darling, upon whose removal, by-the-by, some of the colonists have lately been passing fierce resolutions. Speaking of the present state of the island, he says:—

"The proportion of those who are settling themselves industriously in their holdings, and rapidly rising in the social scale, while commanding the respect of all classes of the community, and some of whom are, to a limited extent, themselves the employers of hired labour, paid for either in money or in kind, is, I am happy to think, not only steadily increasing, but at the present moment is far more extensive than was anticipated by those who are cognisant of all that took place in this colony in the earlier days of freedom."

"There can be no doubt, in fact, that an independent, respectable, and, I believe, trustworthy middle-class, is rapidly forming itself. If the real object of emancipation was to plant the freed man in such a position that he might work out his own advancement in the social scale, and prove his capacity for the full and rational enjoyment of personal independence, secured by constitutional liberty, Jamaica will afford more instances, even in proportion to its large population, of such gratifying results, than any other land in which African slavery once existed."

"Jamaica at this moment presents, as I believe, at once the strongest proof of the complete success of the great measure of emancipation, as relates to the capacity of the emancipated race for freedom, and the most unfortunate instance of a descent in the scale of agriculture, and commercial importance as a colonial community."

WHY MR. SMITH BOUGHT HIS HOUSE.

(From the Saturday Review.)

WE were once journeying in the county of Essex, when we chanced to pass by a small house and garden which in themselves presented nothing to distinguish them from hundreds of other small houses and gardens, but which, as we presently learned, had a history which certainly distinguishes them from any other house and garden which we ever heard of. Before the house, close to the road, was a large board—nothing again very wonderful—as it might be expected to be only a sign that the house was "to be Sold or Let." But the unusual length of the inscription led us to stop and look at it, and as we did so, it began, there certainly was no stopping till we got to the end. The object of the board was far from being anything so commonplace as to announce that the house was "to be sold." The matter of the inscription was not prophecy, but history. It was not an advertisement, but a record—a record, too, of political sufferings and political victories—an autobiography of a brave man struggling against ill-fortune, and coming out conqueror in the end. Instead of telling us that the house was to be sold, it told us that it had been sold and bought too, by whom it had been bought, and why he bought it. And the board tells its story well. It has no introductory matter, no circumlocutions, no preliminaries—it goes at once to the main fact. "This freehold cottage was purchased by Mr. John Smith." Going thus far, our feeling is to congratulate Mr. John Smith on attaining the rank of freeholder, and at the same time to wonder why he should announce the fact to the world by a large board in front of his house. We doubt not that many other John Smiths have purchased freehold cottages, but this was the first John Smith, as far as we knew, who had thought good to publish his purchase in this particular way. But he would be quite wrong who should set down Mr. Smith's board as a mere crotchet—as a mere instance of those peculiarities of taste on which discussion is thrown away. Mr. John Smith is clearly a man who does nothing without a reason. Other John Smiths may have purchased freehold cottages, but no other John Smith is likely to have purchased a freehold cottage for exactly the same reason that made our John Smith purchase his. We never saw a man's reasons for purchasing his house set forth in this particular way, but then we never heard of any man who purchased his house for exactly the same reason as Mr. Smith. The cause of the purchase is so exceptional as fully to justify the exceptional way in which the world is informed of the fact. But no one can do justice to Mr. Smith, but Mr. Smith himself. Here, then, is a full and accurate copy of the inscription on the board which explains why Mr. Smith bought his house:—

This freehold cottage was purchased by Mr. John Smith, of Sutton Valence, in commemoration of the glorious victories obtained by the Liberals in West London at the elections in 1867, when the following letter was written to Mr. John Smith, of Z Reckford near this place, by Mr. John Smith, of Z Reckford:

Dear Sir,—I hope in a few days to receive the rents. The coming down to Maidstone to renew the rents. The object of my present letter is respecting the election. I do hope you are, with myself, a good Conservative; and that you will vote for Sir Walter Riddell at the next election. I am glad to hear that you have always voted on the same side, and if we pressed to new lease it will be one of my stipulations for the future.

Yours very truly,
X. Y.

The tenant did not vote according to the hope of the landlord, and the farm was let to another.

Such is the tale. We have taken no liberties with Mr. Smith's statement, except to conceal the name of the offending landlord and the name of his living. As it is not he who has published them, this seems only fair towards him. As for Mr. John Smith, as he glories in all that he has done and suffered, there can be no possible reason for concealing his name.

Mr. Smith is clearly a practical man. His cause wins a victory, and he wishes to do some thing to commemorate the victory. Now there are many ways of commemorating victories. Some people commemorate them by dining. Others by giving a dinner; some by erecting a statue, others by setting up monuments of bronze or marble; others by simply voting that monuments shall be set up, and then forgetting to set them up. But all these things are useless, and sometimes they are costly. None of them makes the carter which has gained one victory any the nearer to gaining another. Many of them cost money which might be far better spent in buying powder and shot for the next battle.

The practical mind of Mr. Smith sees all this, and he determined that the Liberal victory in West Kent should be commemorated, as far as he was concerned, in a really practical way. The Liberal cause, as we infer from the story, lost one of its bulwarks in West Kent—Mr. John Smith, the martyr of his principles, lost his place on the register of electors. Here was a loss to be repaired as well as a victory to be commemorated. Mr. Smith might have taken another farm in West Kent, but then his new landlord might have held the whip over him, and he would have been the old one. He might have purchased a cottage in West Kent, but that would have merely given him a vote where he had one before. Mr. John Smith's mind was set upon greater things. Like a Hannibal or a Heracles, he would carry the war into the enemy's country. The East-Saxon had, in the pride of his heart, invaded West Kent; the children of Hengist had been too much for him; the White Horse had trampled him under foot; defeated and disgraced, he had taken refuge within his own borders. The victor should press on, he should pursue, he should overtake, he should divide the spoil. The trophy to commemorate the West Kentish victory should be set up nowhere but on the soil of the intruder. Smith the Conqueror purchased a freehold cottage as near as might be to the dwelling of his once persecutor, but now discomfited enemy. Here, the good, the person's own country, as near as he could get to the person's own rectory, as good a man as the person himself. He was a freholder—a small freholder, it might be, but still a freholder—an independent citizen with his vote in his own keeping, and with his hands in his own breeches-pockets. If he had no tenants of his own to intimidate, he had at least no landlord to intimidate him. He could walk to the polling-booth on his own feet—such a patriot would never be driven to another man's coat—with the proud thought that his vote, here, not in liberated Kent, but in conquered Essex, counted for just as much as the vote of his oppressor. His acres might be fewer, as his name was shorter, but the law gave him one vote. Were his acres increased a thousandfold, were Smith even developed into Smith, it was most certain that the law would give him two. It is hard to conceive a more perfect triumph than when the stout yeoman first gave his knee in Essex, and felt that he had, at all events, completely neutralized the vote of his former landlord.

Mr. Smith's way of announcing his doings to the world is, as we have confessed, peculiar. But then the whole circumstances of the case are peculiar. An exceptional story justifies an exceptional record—a special triumph needs a special Gazette. It would have been easy for Mr. Smith to give his house some appropriate name. One has heard of "Liberty Hall"; and if that were too hackneyed, "Independence Cottage," "Purity of Election Villa," "The Surrender Castle," would all have been fitting titles for the dwelling of the triumphant Smith. But they would have told the story only to the initiated. Myths might have grown up; generation might arise which knew not Smith and which might attribute his victories to another. So, again, any effort of symbolical art might have been misunderstood. The calf of a bull lying before the Genius of the Constitution may mean the knifed steed, would be a grand subject for a skillful sculptor, but its meaning would be liable to be mistaken. Mr. Smith knew better. Good words no bushy and a great action is best commemorated by the simplest record. Nobody ever told his story more straightforwardly than Mr. Smith. No one is further removed from the grand style. His tale does not contain a single allusion to a single individual. Bating a technical word or two, which could not be helped, Horse himself might understand the tale as Mr. Smith tells it. There is not a single metaphor, and only one epithet, from beginning to end—"Glorious victory" is a sort of natural, almost Homeric, formula; it is like "gracious Sovereign," or like the other formula of "unnatural rebellion," which so puzzled the omniscient Mr. Buckle. Then the terse pithiness of the last paragraph is beyond all praise. "The tenant did not vote according to the hope of the landlord, and the farm was let to another." This could not be told in fewer words, and yet those few words not only tell the fact perfectly—they add the whole sentiment of the story, with a vigorous flavour of sarcasm into the bargain. Then, too, Mr. Smith, like an honest historian, gives his authorities, quotes his documents, and does not analyse or abridge, but gives the letters at full length. We know the whole history of Smith and his landlord from the original sources. Had we had to deal with a man who knew the historian's duties less perfectly than Mr. Smith, we might only have got it at second-hand. In fact, we wish that a good many of our great writers would go to school to Mr. Smith. We cannot help thinking that we have found in Mr. Smith the needful antidote to our Butter. We look on Mr. Smith not only as an independent politician, a sufferer and a conqueror in a great cause, but also as a great master of the English tongue, and one who thoroughly knows how history ought to be written.

The letter of the landlord is a less successful composition. No doubt Mr. Smith knew that when he copied it at length. "The object of my present letter is respecting the election."

Mr. Smith would have scorned to write such sentences. Nor had Mr. Smith's policies been of the highest.

servative. Then there is the chief matter of the letter—the new and strange stipulations intended for the new lease. We should be curious to see their legal form and to know their legal effect. But let this pass.

What were the stipulations to be? The dogma that "landlords and tenants should always vote on the same side." Probably the reverend landlord did not see that this doctrine was ambiguous, but we feel sure that Mr. Smith did. "Landlords and tenants should always vote on the same side." Granted; but what is to determine the side to be taken—the landlord or the tenant? No one can say that the sentence directly settles it either way. Indeed, the arrangement of the words would rather make one think that the stipulation was to be that the landlord should follow the political lead of the tenant. We feel no doubt that Mr. Smith knew the world far too well to act upon any such construction; but a man as honest and less experienced might well have been taken in, and might have gone away complaining of his oppressor's perfidy as well as his tyranny.

We will not enter here upon the general question of the political duties of landlords and tenants. But one thing is clear—that in the case the reverend landlord made a thorough mistake. Small tenants, hereditary tenants living round about a landlord who acts as a landlord should act, will generally vote as the landlord wishes, without coercion, almost without asking. The Smith case implies quite another state of things. Here a tenant is seemingly well-to-do, certainly is a man of fixed opinions of his own. The landlord lives in another county, and is probably known only as the receiver of certain rents. The tenant looks on him not as the protector, the adviser, the head of the clan, but simply as a man with whom he has made commercial bargain on equal terms. He feels that his landlord has no more business to command him than he has to command his landlord. To use towards such a man anything like threats or coercion, to preach to him an abstract doctrine about the duty of landlords and tenants voting together, might have been seen, by any man possessing an average amount of common sense, to be the surest way to defeat his own end.

FRUITS OF THE WAR: A VISIT TO THE HOSPITALS.

(From the *Illustrated Magazine*.)

THE men received them with great cordiality. They were nearly all convalescent, dressed wholly or partly in uniform, and employed in reading, playing checkers, bantering each other. At the farthest corner of the ward, a soldier in a morning paper, and another reading the telegraphic news aloud to the others. Here, too, was the Saxon-haired gentleman of the ferry-boat, whom Mrs. Chandler had mistaken for a commissary. What could he be—head nurse? He was a tall, slender man, with a face of gentlemanly-looking young man, with a face, whose vivacity struggled with the haggard touches of illness. "Here's my father come to see me," he called out to Mrs. Chandler. "He's a little better, but he's not much pleased." "All the way from Cleveland!" He seemed to think I'm worth looking after. And all the budgets from home!" His bed was covered with the thoughtful tokens of affection that had come from his mother, his brother, his sister, his friends. "Ladies I told you about, father, who has been so kind to us." Mrs. Chandler envied Mrs. Reed the cord-clasp of the hand, and the father's grateful acknowledgment of the gift. "I'm so much for a son of yours some day, ma'am, that I wish you were in the low class." Mrs. Marshall had spoken of. One of the most active had handed her a chair with all the politeness of a drawing-room. "You are to have a room of your own, ma'am. But I'll reward you for it." Good morning, ladies, these gentlemen are so much pleased with you, that I'm glad to see you, and I will respect the contents of your baskets, or anything else you may intrust to their care." "Your grateful patients." "Oh, yes; you will finish the bouquets and distribute them," said Mrs. Reed, disappearing as abruptly as she had done before in the ward. Mrs. Marshall went to point out to the father the Thomsen, but the father, who was a meal would be grateful. "When I was sick," said one of the men to Mrs. Chandler, "my lady's oatmeal was all I could fancy. I could drink it all day long. But I'm not a little embarrassed by her novel position at her own house, as one after another received the tasteful bouquets Mrs. Reed and her children had provided. "Our tent will look like a fair," said one of the men. "I'll be sure to get a good deal of business out of it." "It must be very dull lying here alone," Mrs. Chandler said. "Oh, you have no idea! If the ladies didn't come now and then we couldn't get along at all. I'm so glad to see you, and I'll reward you for it." "Yes, there's always something going on in camp. This was all very pleasant, but Mrs. Chandler began to speculate whether it was worth taxing Mrs. Reed for the excitement of helping the time pass, and make up for the excitement of her own position. "I found that her initiation had been made as gentle as possible. Now for more painful scenes. "We will tax Florence's bouquet to Mrs. Potter," Mrs. Reed said, returning with a small bouquet. "I'll be sure to get a poor fellow—his arm amputated." But there was a bright smile of recognition for little Florence's patriotic arrangement of balm, and larkspur, and bouquet of meadow, into a "red, white, and blue" bouquet. The little girl, who had been drooping upon her pillow, his face contracted by pain, and his head with the heavy dew that had followed exhausting fever. Mrs. Reed wiped his brow softly. "He is a very intelligent man, and so fond of his children. He is not a little embarrassed by her novel position at her own house, as one after another received the tasteful bouquets Mrs. Reed and her children had provided. "Our tent will look like a fair," said one of the men. "I'll be sure to get a good deal of business out of it." "It must be very dull lying here alone," Mrs. Chandler said. "Oh, you have no idea! If the ladies didn't come now and then we couldn't get along at all. 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THE ENGLISH ABROAD.

Among the English who go on the Continent, there are two or three classes as familiar to most of us as the sort of persons who walk down the Strand. There are the broken-down shabby-looking people who set up their tent in a cheap French or German town, and pass a wretched existence in flirting, fighting over a chaplain, and comparing their beggarly contrivances to seem richer than they are. There are the great people and the sham great people who take the capitals of Europe by turn, and go to Paris and Vienna simply because they are tired of, or are expelled from, London. There is, again, the happy holiday crowd which rushes for an outing up and down the Rhine, and talks of glaciers and moraines. But none of these people are very characteristic of England. They are abroad without having any special reason for being so. They use the Continent as a place of refuge—a Zor from severe morals and duns and—*enfin*—or else as a great Champ de Mars, in which they exercise themselves and strengthen their insular muscles. But there are also English people who live on the Continent in a much more serious way—who are compelled by business to be there, or who have wishes and tastes that can only be gratified by the treasures which some foreign capitals possess. It is from persons like these, and not from the seekers after pleasure, or cheapness, or health, that foreigners chiefly get their ideas of what Englishmen are. For they alone are brought into relations more important than that of dinner at tables-d'hôte with Continentals, and more intimate than that of grinding up the same mountain road, or waiting in the waiting-room of the same station. They also alone exhibit to English observers how the English character really stands with reference to Continental trials, and troubles, and pleasures, and alone show the real oddities and weaknesses and strength of Englishmen. They are by no means a set of people to be very enthusiastic about; but yet there are many of them who extort respect and admiration from Continentals, even where they fail to win affection.

First of all there is the diplomatic body, who naturally attract most of the attention of foreigners. They may well regard with wonder that marvellous creature—the ordinary British *attache*. It is the peculiar hobby of younger diplomatists to care nothing for their profession. They seldom even condescend to know the people of the country in which they reside. If a few great ladies are fashionable they go to their parties, simply because it might be supposed that they were not invited if they did not go. They let themselves be seen where being seen is a credit to them. But as for taking any interest in the people whom they come across, or visiting where they are not obliged, or knowing anyone because that person could tell them something worth hearing about the country, they do not think of it. The King of Bismarck thinks of the duties of the House of Commons. They rarely take the trouble to learn the language, and still more rarely read the literature of the country to which they have been sent. Why should they, so long as they are placed in a world where French will do for conversation with all educated people in anything like diplomatic altitudes, and where French novels are produced in an inexhaustible quantity? As a general rule, the British *attache* holds the politics of the Continent in the utmost contempt. He contents himself with some one sweeping phrase, such as that the French require a despotism, that the Germans are paralyzed by their Bund, or that the Italians are mad about national unity. It is a very troublesome task to understand the real state of things in a foreign country, and the *attache* will not take the trouble. He does not feel any call on him to do so, or any use in doing it. If he did, he might find that, just as he was beginning to make himself master of the situation, he was moved to a new station, and had to begin all over again. The Continentals therefore see, in those whom England sends to represent her, the very Englishmen who most undignifiedly proclaim that these Continentals are purely indifferent and uninteresting to them. The ordinary travelling Englishman likes to pick up a little information, but then he has the pleasure of novelty, which the *attache* has exhausted, and he can stop when he likes, and get the Continentals off his mind altogether, whereas the *attache*, if he once holds himself out as desirous of information, cannot turn round at a moment's notice, and tell his well-meaning and anxious informants that he is sick of the whole thing. In the young diplomatist, therefore, the foreigner sees the most bored and cold and unsympathetic of all Englishmen, and the character is not encouraging. On the other hand, these young *attaches* make themselves respected. They are absolutely incorruptible; and a person who would under no circumstances accept a bribe, however disguised, is worth looking at on the Continent. Then they are remote from the faintest suspicion of political intrigues. They cannot be supposed to be labouring in an unfair way for the advancement of English interests as they obviously do not labour at all. There is nothing to be got from them, and nothing they wish to get; and the Continentals are so accustomed to the contemplation of petty manœuvring that they cannot help respecting, while they wonder at, people who abstain from it.

Business, and especially the construction of great public works, has introduced to the acquaintance of the Continent another large class of Englishmen. Europe, from Calais to Constantinople, has been overrun by a legion of engineers, surveyors, contractors, and company-mongers. Of course there are honest and eminent and trust-worthy men among the number, but the men are not calculated to give a very favourable impression. After we have exhausted a short list of well-known names, we come upon a smaller fry who have made the Continental world very sick of English capitalists and their myrmidons. The foreigners have been in many instances pillaged and humbugged and left in the lurch by English adventurers to an extent that is not very creditable to the English name. The great reason is that the Continent has, in two ways, offered a very favourable field for thriving on human credulity. In the first place, foreigners are profoundly ignorant of England. They merely know that English people are very rich, and they would like to get hold of some English money if they could. They, therefore, lend a willing ear to every plausible tale. An adventurer without expense comes, describes himself as a millionaire, boasts that he has the Bank of England under his thumb, and that Palmerston will order the Mediterranean fleet wherever he pleases. Ah, says the charmed foreigner, we know your Bank of England, we know your Palmerston—and so they do; but they do not know that the Englishman addressing them has about as much to do with the Bank of England as he has with the Lamasera of Khouboom. They accept his overtures and grant him a concession. He treats their little difficulties with

the most lordly indifference. He speaks of a tunnel through the Alps, a viaduct ten miles long, or the filling up of an arm of the sea, as if English enterprise and a few hundred francs would soon settle trifles of that sort. The Continentals are delighted, and begin rather to despise the granite rocks and their bottomless lagoons, which they used to think presented engineering difficulties. They know an Englishman that treats these little obstacles as mere child's play, and in a month or two their railway will be made. The adventurer comes to England, and announces that he has got hold of a really good thing. He has done the Continentals, and can offer a concession that is worth a fortune. Puffing and joggling get up a company with a little money, about a tenth perhaps of that which is required. Then the works are commenced and everyone is happy. The tunnel is going to be made the next week, and the lagoons are to be crossed the week after. Suddenly the money stops. There are no more works done—there is no one paid for what he has done. Everybody is ruined except the adventurer and his friends, who retire to Peckham or Clapham as rich bankrupts with the comfortable independence. Therefore the views of the suffering Continentals as to English honesty and English capital are not quite so bright and enthusiastic as they were. Fortunately, the possibility of such things happening grows daily less as foreigners gain a sad experience. And, as a general rule, the Governments of France, or Germany, or Italy, will now lend their countenance to none but sound enterprises. Still the memory of the past survives, and the British contractor and jobber is not a favourite in most Continental countries.

Much the most creditable set of Englishmen residing abroad are those who go there because they find in some foreign country facilities for studying literature or art which they cannot find elsewhere. Some people like a literary or artistic life, even when they do not care to write books, or have not the ability to use the chisel or the paintbrush. A foreign, and especially an Italian town, has great attractions for them. In the first place, the climate and the beauty of everything give them constant delight. If a person is born with a keen sensibility to sweet sights and sounds and scents, life is doubled in his power, and his ear are constantly delighted. The mass of people with a literary and artistic turn are merely receptive and have no creative power. In Italy they can gratify their receptive faculties. They need not pretend to create in order to feel that their intellect has its proper play. They can find food for the mind and constant occupation without being goaded by a sense of duty into writing a book that is worthless, or painting a wretched picture. In England, literature and art are held to come to nothing unless they take the form of production. But in Italy they are merely the enjoyment and occupation of the individual. It is a common notion in England that such a life abroad is somehow wrong. The person leading it is said to do no good. Of course, if he neglects his duties in England to go to Italy, he does neglect these duties, and there is an end of the matter. He cannot at once be neglecting duties and acting rightly. But, supposing he is quite free to choose his place and manner of life, it is still thought that he should live at home, and that he should live at Florence. The feeling that dictates this opinion is a very natural one. We owe ourselves to our country, and England has the first claim on us. And there might be nothing to say to this unless it were true—as it is true—that England gains greatly by the residence abroad of Englishmen with serious tastes and pursuits. Persons of this sort afford the most ready and the most pure channel through which the thoughts of the English nation and of foreign nations mingle with each other. Foreigners will not show their best side except to those who show their best side to them, and it is only when they can find English people desirous and worthy of acquaintance that they glide into those confidential relations of daily intercourse in which the real character and the deeper feelings of men and women are developed.—*Saturday Review*.

THE FRENCH CAVALRY CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

(From M. A. Thiers' newly published History of the "Consulate and the Empire of France under Napoleon.")

The English Artillery were left alone on the edge of the plateau, in consequence of the retrograde movement of the infantry, as well as in real intimacy with the usual English tactics. It is customary in the British army, whenever the artillery was in danger of an attack from mounted troops, to draw off the guns and horses into the squares and leave the cannon which the enemy could not remove without horses, and when the storm had passed the guns returned to their posts, and turned the guns against the retreating force. There were now sixty ill-defended pieces of ordnance in front of the English line, offering a strong temptation to a daring enemy. Ney, still elated by the combat of La Haye Sainte, and trusting in his four lines of excellent cavalry, consisting of five thousand men, was not a man likely to bear patiently the fire of the English artillery. Seeing that this artillery had no support and that the English infantry had made a retrograde movement, he determined to seize the line of guns before him, and putting himself at the head of Delort's division of four regiments of cuirassiers, and ordering Watier's division to support him, he advanced at a trot, notwithstanding the bad state of the ground. Not being able to debouch by the Brussels road in consequence of the obstructions, and inconvenienced by the embankments of the Ohain road, he turned a little to the left, crossed the ridge of the plateau with his four regiments and fell with the rapidity of lightning on the badly defended cannon. Having passed the line of guns and seeing Altan's infantry apparently in retreat, he sent his cuirassiers after them. These brave horsemen heedless of the balls raining round, galloped after Altan's division, broke the squares, and commenced a furious slaughter. Some of these squares, however, broken at first by the weight of both men and horse, rallied quickly and again fell into order. Others that had not been penetrated, continued to discharge a murderous fire. Ney seeing this movement moved forward his second division—Watier's—and Altan's division was forced back on the second line of the English infantry, by the violent charge of these four fresh regiments. Several battalions of the German and Hanoverian legions were overpowered, trodden under foot, put to the sword, and deprived of their standards. Our cuirassiers, the oldest soldiers of the army, glutted their rage by a merciless massacre of the English. Immovable during this violent attack, the Duke of Wellington ordered Somerset's mounted guards, Trip's Dutch carabineers, and Dornberg's dragoons to advance between the intervals of the infantry. These English and German squadrons, profiting by the inevitable confusion of our cavalry, had at first some

advantage over them, and succeeded in driving them back. But Ney, hastening towards Lefebvre Desnoettes, made a signal to advance and precipitate him on the Duke of Wellington's English and German cavalry. Our brave lancers rush on the mounted guards, and making good use of their lances drive them back in their turn. This charge having allowed the cuirassiers time to form again, they with the chasseur and lancers fall again on the English cavalry. All are intermingled, a thousand hand to hand fights commence with swords and lances by the horsemen of both nations. Ours had the advantage, and a portion of the English cavalry strewed the ground. Those who escaped took refuge behind the squares of the English infantry, and our horsemen were again stopped in their onward course to the great detriment of the light cavalry of the guard, who being unprovided with cuirasses, lost a number of men and horses. Ney had two horses killed under him, during this outbreak of furious human passion. His coat and hat were riddled with balls; but still invulnerable, the bravest of the brave was determined to keep his oath, and break the British lines. When he looked upon what he had accomplished, he flattered himself that he would be able to fulfil his vow, and seeing on the other side of the plateau 3000 cuirassiers and 2000 mounted grenadiers of the guard that had not yet been engaged, he asked that they should be given him to complete the victory. He rallies the troops that had just fought, ranges them on the ridge of the plateau to afford them time to breathe, and gallops off to recall the others to the combat. The entire army saw this formidable *mêlée* from a distance, and from the movement of the helmets and lances advancing and retreating but never leaving the position, had formed a favourable augury of the result. The simplest soldier felt instinctively that such an enterprise once begun ought to be continued, and the men were right, for it was unwise to begin, it would be still more unwise not to go on with the undertaking. Napoleon, whose attention was attracted by the fearful tumult caused by the cavalry, saw what Ney's impetuosity had led him to attempt. All who surrounded him, applauded but this consummate captain, who had fought more than fifty pitched battles, exclaimed: "He has begun an hour too soon." "This man," added Marshal Soult, speaking of Ney, "this man is always the same! He will compromise everything as he did at Jena and Eylau." Still Napoleon thought it better to support him than he had commenced, and sent orders to Kellerman to support Milhaud's cuirassiers. Kellerman's 3000 cuirassiers were stationed in front of the heavy cavalry of the guard, consisting of 2000 mounted grenadiers and dragoons, all eager for action; the cavalry being quite as fresh as the infantry on this most fatal day. Kellerman, who had had some experience at Quatre Bras, of what he called Ney's foolish zeal, condemned the desperate use which at this moment was made of the cavalry. Distrusting the result, he kept back one of the brigades, the carabineers, and most unwillingly sent the remainder to Ney. The latter hastened to meet them, excited them both by word and gesture and at their head mounted the plateau, on whose ridge the cavalry which had just been engaged, had passed for a moment's breathing space. The Duke of Wellington calmly awaited this fresh attack. Behind Altan's almost ruined division he placed Brunwick's corps, Maitland's guards and Mitchell's division, and in the third line, Chassé's and Clinton's divisions. It would be a difficult task to overpower three such opposing forces; one may be vanquished or two, but there was very little hope of succeeding against three. Still the daring Ney debouched on the plateau with his iron and squadrons, and at a given signal these gallant horsemen galloped forward brandishing their swords and crying *Vive l'Empereur*. Never, as an eyewitness declares, did the annals of war record so fearful a spectacle. These twenty squadrons, led on by their generals and officers, advanced at full gallop, and though they were received by a terrible fusillade, attacked and broke the enemy's first line. Altan's unfortunate division, already so ill-treated, was now entirely cut to pieces, together with the 69th English regiment. The few that remained of this division fled in disorder along the Brussels route. Ney rallied his squadrons, and advanced on the second line. This attack was vigorous as the former, but it was met with an invincible resistance. Several squares were broken, but the greater number held their ground, and some of our horsemen, who had penetrated to the rear of the line, fell by the English bayonets, or succeeded in galloping back to renew the charge. The Duke of Wellington then decided to sacrifice the remainder of his cavalry. He moved them forward in the midst of the *mêlée*, where they were soon cut down, for though the bayonets of the English infantry could arrest the progress of our cuirassiers, no cavalry could sustain their formidable shock. In this extremity he determined on employing Cumberland's 1000 hussars who had not yet been engaged; but at sight of this scene of slaughter, the hussars fell back in disorder, carrying with them along the Brussels road the equipages, the wounded, and the fugitives, who were already hastening thither in crowds. Notwithstanding the desperate resistance that Ney met, he still hoped to destroy the English army at the point of the sword. He unexpectedly received a fresh reinforcement. Whilst this titanic combat was going on, the heavy cavalry of the guard hastened forward, though nobody knew why. These had been stationed in a slight hollow somewhat in the rear, where some officers having advanced to assist Ney in this gigantic conflict, believing that he had conquered, brandished their sabres, and cried victory. At this cry other officers rushed forward, and the nearest squadron, regarding this as a signal to charge, advanced at a trot. The entire mass followed, and yielding to a species of mechanical impulse, the 2000 dragoons and mounted grenadiers ascended the plateau, trampling through wet and muddy ground. Bertrand being sent by Napoleon to keep them back, hastened to do so, but could not overtake them. Ney profited by this unexpected reinforcement, and directed it against the brazen wall he was endeavouring to batter down. The heavy cavalry of the guards did wonders, breaking the squares, but many of them, not having cuirasses, sank beneath the fire of the enemy. Ney, whom nothing could daunt, sent forward Milhaud's cavalry, who had got a few moments' rest, and he thus kept a kind of continual charge, each squadron after attacking the enemy, falling back to form, and then returning to the attack. Some of them even turned the wood of Goumont to return to the ranks and renew the combat. Meanwhile Ney, seeing Kellerman's carabineers in reserve, hastened to where they were, asked what they were doing, and then, despite Kellerman's resistance, led them against the enemy. These made fresh breaches in the second line of the British infantry, broke several squares, cut the men in pieces, even under the fire of the third line,

and destroyed three-fourths of that second human wall, without being able to reach or touch the third. Ney still persisted, and for the eleventh time led on his 10,000 horse to the attack, killing they went, but still unable to subdue the firmness of the infantry, that though shaken for a moment again closed their ranks, fell into line, and continued to fire. Ney, foaming with excitement, and bareheaded, his fourth horse shot under him, his coat pierced with bullets, covered with contusions, but fortunately not seriously injured, said to Colonel Hymes, that if he could get the infantry of the guard, he would destroy the exhausted English infantry, whose strength was nearly spent. He sent him to ask Napoleon for this reinforcement. Hoping for this assistance, and knowing that he could not put a finish to the combat with cavalry alone, and that the bayonets of the infantry would be needed, he drew back his horse to the edge of the plateau, where they made a firm stand, their courage sustained by his determined bearing. He passed along the ranks, encouraging them, telling them to keep their posts despite the firing of the artillery, and that if they could maintain their position on the plateau they would soon be rid of the English army. "It is here," he said, "my friends, that the fate of our country is about to be decided, it is here that we must conquer in order to secure our independence." Leaving the cavalry for a moment, he hastened to the right of d'Erlon, whose infantry had succeeded in seizing the Ohain road, and were still firing on the almost exhausted battalions of Kempt and Pack. "Keep firm, friends," he said to him, "for if you and I do not fall here beneath the bullets of the English, we shall certainly fall beneath those of the emigrants." Sad and bitter prophecy! The fearless hero, going from his infantry to his cavalry, sustained his courage under the enemy's fire, whilst he himself seemed invulnerable against the balls that rained around. Four thousand of his cavalry strewed the ground, but in return, on the other side, 10,000 English horse and foot, had paid for their obstinate resistance with their lives. Nearly all the English generals were more or less seriously wounded. A number of fugitives, under pretence of removing the wounded, had hurried by the servants, sutlers, and baggage conductors, along the Brussels road, crying that it was over, that the battle was lost. On the other hand, the soldiers in line remained immovable in their ranks. The Duke of Wellington, who was as firm as Ney was brave, told them that the Prussians were approaching, and would be with them immediately, but that in any case they could only die. He looked at his watch, and prayed that Blucher or might come to his rescue. He had still 36,000 men on the plateau that Ney was attacking so violently, and he did not yet despair. Neither did Ney lose hope, and these two great hearts held the destinies of two nations in the balance. A strange phenomenon of exhaustion was then exhibited; for nearly an hour the weary combatants ceased from strife. The English occasionally discharged some of their remaining guns, our cavalry remaining immovable in front of the sixty cannon and six flags they had captured, whilst the ground before them was strewn with thousands of dead bodies. During this unprecedented combat, the suitable and terrible termination of a sanguinary century, Colonel Hymes hastened to Napoleon to ask for the infantry of which the Marshal was in need. "Infantry," cried Napoleon, with irritation he could no longer restrain, "where does he suppose I can get them? Does he expect me to make them? You see the task before me, and you see what troops I have." Indeed, the state of things on the French right had become most serious. Bulow's corps of 30,000 men, which Napoleon was trying to keep at bay with de Lobau's 10,000, was now about to be reinforced by dense columns which were already visible emerging from the wooded depths from which the Prussian army had advanced. It was evident that the French would have to encounter Blucher's entire force of 80,000 men, and could only oppose them with the remnant of his troops, the horse guards, the entire reserve, dragoons and cuirassiers having been employed and exhausted by Ney in a premature attack. Napoleon had now given up all hope of Gruchy's coming, as our right wing had heard nothing of him, nor could the most practised eye or ear catch on the wide extent of the horizon either shade or sound that could indicate his presence or approach. The infantry of the guard which had just been demanded, was Napoleon's only resource against a fearful catastrophe. Certainly had he himself seen the state of the British army described by Ney, and had not the danger on his right increased, Lobau's corps alone would have sufficed to keep Bulow in check, and Napoleon might have led the infantry of the guard against the English and completed their destruction, and then returned to oppose the Prussians with his half-tired men, only the remnant of his troops, the horse guards, with victory. But he distrusted Ney's judgment, he could not forgive his precipitation, and he could see the entire Prussian army emerging from that yawning abyss which was continually pouring forth fresh masses of enemies. He, therefore, determined to check the Prussians by a serious engagement before going to seek a doubtful contest in the centre, during which a fatal and ruinous one might be fought on his right. However, when his momentary irritation had subsided, he sent Ney a less severe and more hopeful reply than that he had before made to Colonel Hymes. He desired the latter to tell the Marshal that if he were in a difficult position at Mont Saint-Jean, he was himself in still greater difficulties on the banks of the Laine, where he was opposed by the entire Prussian army, but that, when he should have repelled, or even checked them, he, with the guard, would hasten to complete the conquest of the English; that until then the plateau was to be held at any cost, as Ney had been so eager to mount it, but, could he only maintain his position for an hour, he might reckon on efficient aid.

RAIN IN ENGLAND.—As a matter of fact, England, though a rainy country, is far surpassed by Norway, and even by a part of Spain. Except in such an abnormal year as 1860, sunny weather during six months at least may be reasonably expected as the rule and not the exception. Yet the misty ideas of the Roman historian still float in people's minds. Even if dispossessed of the notion that England, as a country, is remarkable for rain and clouds, every one travelling to his own country, or to some other country where his summer holiday was once spent, so as to suit his peculiar grievance, Devon and Westmoreland are special victims to this, but Lincolnshire is the general scapegoat for atmospheric evil. It is but quite recently that railroads have informed people that its inhabitants are not web-footed, and do not keep boots of fogs, mists, and aguish miasmas. Only those who are deeply read can discriminate between the fens, wolds, and marsh into which it is physically divided; and the leaping poles, still to be seen in a few districts, serve to keep in a state of credulous vitality the fabulous notions which have been mentioned. Yet, notwithstanding the evil colour, statistics disclose to us that Lincolnshire is amongst the driest counties of England.—"Once a Week."

GREAT SOUTHERN AND WESTERN RAILWAY.—TIME TABLE FOR JANUARY, 1863, and until further notice.	
DOWN TRAINS.	
STATION.	TIME.
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of lagoons.

Terms at sale.

